

A P O E M

In DEFIANCE to the

D U T C H.

Ag'ty & Dutch.

13. Nov. 1688.

R Ob'd of our Rights? and by such water-rats?
We'll doff their Heads if they wo'nt doff their
Hats.

Affront too *Hogen-Mogen* to endure!
'Tis time to box these *Butter-Boxers* sure.
If they the Flags undoughted right deny us?
Who wo'nt *stricke* to us, must be *stricken* by us.
A crew of *Boars*, and *Sooterkins*, that know
Themselves, they to our Blood and Valour owe.
Did we for this knock of their *Spannish* Fetters,
To make 'em able to abuse their betters;
If at this rate the rave, I think 'tis good,
Not to omit the fall, but let them Blood.

Rouse then Heroick *Brittains*, 'tis not words
But *Wounds*, must work with *Leather-Apron* Lords.
Sinc: they are *deaf*, to them your meaning break,
With mouths of *Brass*, that words of Iron speak;
I hope we shall to purpose the next *hour*
Cure 'um, as we did *Opdam* of the Gout.
And when i'th bottom of the Sea they come,
They'l have enough of *Mare Liberum*.
Our *Brandisht* steel, tho now they seem so tall,
Shall make 'em lower then *Low-Country* fall.
But they'l ere long come to themselves you'l see,
When we in earnest are at *Snick-a-snee*.

When once the *Boars* perceive our Swords are drawn,
And we converting are those *Boars* to *Brawn*.

Methinks the Ruin of their *Belgick* Banners
Last Fight, almost as ragged as their Manners
Might have perswaded 'em to better things,
Then be so fawcy to their betters, KING S.
Is it of *Wealth* they are so Proud become?
JAMES has a Wain I hope to fetch it home,
And with it pay Himself His just Arrears,
Of *Fishing-Tribute* for this hundred Years.
That we may say, as all the *Store* comes in;
The *Dutch*, a las, have but our *Factors* bin.
They Fathom *Sea* and *Land*, we when we please,
Have both the *Indies* brought to our own Seas.
For *rich*, and *proud*, they bring in Ships by *shoals*,
And then we *humble* them to save their *Souls*.

Pox of their *Pictures*, if we had 'em bear,
We'd find 'em *Frames* at *Tyburn*, or else where.
The next they Draw, be it their *Admirals*
Transpecitated into *Fynnes* and *Seales*;
Or, which would do as well, draw if they please,
Opdam, with the seven sinking *Provinces*;
Or draw their *Captains* from the conquering *Mane*,
First beaten *home*, then beaten *back* again;

And after this so *just*, tho *fatal* strife,
Draw their Dead *Boars* again unto the *Life*,
Lastly, remember, to prevent all *Laughter*,
Drawing goes first, but *Hanging* follows after.
If then *Lampooning* thus be their undoing,
Who *pitties* them, that purchase their own ruin?
Or will hereafter trust their Treacheries,
Until they leave their *Heads* for Hostages.
For, as the Proverb has of Women said,—
Beleve 'um not, nay, tho you'd swear there dead.
The *Dutch* are *stubborn*, and will yield not frute,
Till, like the *Wallnut-Tree* ye beat 'um to't.

To the KING.

I See an *Age*, when after some few years,
And *Revolutions* of the slow pac'd *Sphears*;
These days shall be 'bove others far esteem'd,
And like the Worlds great Conquerers be deem'd.
The Names of *Cesar*, and feign'd *Paladine*,
Grav'n in *Times* surley brows, in wrinkled-Time,
Shall by this Princes Name be paid as far,
As *Meteors* are by the *Idalian* Star:
For to Great *Brittains* Isle thou shalt restore
Her *Mare Clausum*; Gaurd her Pearly Shore.
The *Lyons* *Passant* of *Dutch* Bands shalt free,
To the true owner of the *Lilles* three.
The Seas shall shrink, shake shall the spacious Earth,
And tremble in her Chamber, like pale Death.
Thy thundering Cannons shall proclaim to all
Great *Brittain's* Glory, and proud *Hollands* fall.
Run on brave Prince thy course in *Glory's* way,
The end the life, the evening *Crowns* the day.
Reap Worth on Worth, and strongly fore above
Those heights which made the World *Thee* first to Love.
Surmount thy Self, and make thy Actions past
Be but as *Gleams* or *Lightnings* of thy last.
Let them exceed those of Thy younger time;
As far as *Autumn* doth the Flowry-prime;
So ever Gold and Bays Thy Brow adorn;
So never *Time* may see Thy *Race* out worn.
So of Thine own still may't Thou be desir'd;
Of *Holland* feard, and by the *World* Admir'd;
Till Thy great Deeds all former deeds surmount:
Thou'lt quell'd the *Nimrods* of our *Hellsfont*.
So may His high Exploits at last make even
With Earth His *Honour*, Glory with the Heav'n.

F I N I S.